

Eric P. Newman

6450 Cecil Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63105

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Mr. James Loeb  
432 Beloit Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90049

Dear Jim:

I must apologize for not telephoning you when I was in L.A. as a witness in a trial. It was exhausting and horrible, and the lying at the trial was appalling to me. My deposition was taken on a Thursday afternoon and then I became a witness for all day Friday. I intended to leave Saturday at 1:00 PM but when I found out I could catch a plane late Friday afternoon, I rushed to the airport and took it.

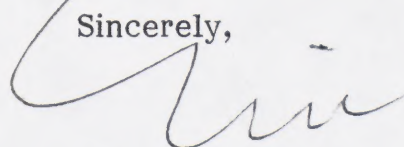
I would have been too exhausted to have a pleasant time with you, but wanted you to know that I survived and am sorry that I could not see you.

As I told you, my grandson Joshua Solomon is being married in South Africa in August, and a slug of us are going. After the wedding, Joshua is giving up his position with the Chase Bank in Tokyo and going to Harvard Business School. His wife-to-be Natalie is going to go to Harvard Law School for a master's degree at the same time, and she is giving up her work as a lawyer for a Japanese ball bearing company.

Some of the animals in Africa are going to see Evelyn, Andy, Peggy and myself and say, "we've seen you to often, why don't you go somewhere else?".

Evelyn joins me in sending our best to all your family.

Sincerely,



Eric P. Newman

EPN:bv



# MERRY CHRISTMAS

Do we all dream of that trip to Africa? We had for years, and finally last April experienced the dream in the waking form of an absolutely perfect safari in Kenya.

We camped on the banks of the Mara River in the heart of Masai country with its rolling golden savannah and acacia trees. Sunrise game drives brought us right up to the very paws of black maned lions who were not nearly as excited about us as we were about them. Elephants and zebras grazed side by side with their little ones, while gazelles leapt about just beyond the reach of watchful cheetahs. We even saw giraffes neck fighting over a female. . .thus the expression necking. We spent an afternoon in a Masai village where we were treated to their version of a line dance, and I bought a wonderful wooden necklace that still has the smokey smell of their huts. At night, curled up in our canopied, mosquito netted beds, we listened to the sloshing and snorting of the famous Mara hippos and the occasional yowl of some wild thing.

Our next stop was overnight at the Aberdare Country Club where our stone cottage sat perched atop a hill overlooking a sprawling private game reserve. From our porch we watched giraffes, elephants, zebras, peacocks, waterbuck, wildebeest, impala, and eland.

From Aberdare we went to Sweetwaters, another tented camp built around a floodlit night watering hole. We ventured out on a night drive and as our "spotter" swept a light over the bush, we picked up the glitter of eyes and the shadows of all kinds of animals. Three adolescent lion cubs crept out of the inky darkness to investigate our vehicle; they were so curious and fearless as they circled, peered, and played about the jeep. At one point, out of nowhere, a herd of zebras galloped across the road right in front of us, and then disappeared into the night. Being out in the wilds with only a spotlight. . .no glow of city lights, just a sliver of moon and zillions of stars strewn over a black, black sky was truly an awesome experience.

We spent several days at the beautiful and luxurious Mt. Kenya Safari Club, enjoying long walks on rolling, manicured lawns dotted with exotic birds. While staying at the Club, we drove to semi-desert Samburu where we glimpsed our one and only leopard lounging high in a tree, watched crocodiles and baboons at the edge of the Ewaso Nyiro River, saw gerenuk, dik dik, oryx, and a different kind of zebra with huge ears and narrow stripes stopping below the ribs to leave white bellies.

Our adventure began and ended in Nairobi, where we stayed at the historic Norfolk Hotel, built in 1904, with a distinctive guest roster that included Teddy Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Hemingway. We felt pulled back in time, appreciating the quiet of this lovely old place.

That's it for this year, except for Annie. . .our darling adopted DOG. She is a beautiful cream and chocolate haired, amber eyed mix of Australian shepherd and wolf (well, that's what WE think), and she just about has us trained to meet her every desire.

Teeth and Jim 1995